my heart. He had not only been an officer of exceptional ability, but my military instructor in-the old German days, and a dear personal friend. We did not know what had become of him—whether he lay dead on the field, or'had been wounded, or made a prisoner by the enemy. Some of his officers had last seen him in the thickest of the fight, and how, when the order to retreat was given, he had left the field in the rear of his command. Further, their accounts did not < go. Now, when early in the morning after the three-days' struggle I entered the town —what should I see? In the door of one of the houses on the main street, General Schirnmelfennig, alive and waving his hat to me. "Halloh!" he shouted. "I knew you would come. I have been preparing for you. You must be hungry. I found some eggs in this house and saved them for you. We shall have them fried in a few minutes. Get off your horse and let us take breakfast together." It was a jolly repast, during which he told us his story. When, during that furious fight of the first day, the order to retreat reached him, he did his best to take his command out of the fire-line in as orderly a shape as possible— a very difficult operation under any circumstances —and, therefore, left the field in the rear of his troops. But when he reached the town he found the streets crowded witli a confused mass of artillery and vehicles of all sorts, and disorganized men. Somehow he was crowded into a blind lane, and suddenly ran

against a high fence, barring his progress, while some rebel infantrymen, in hot pursuit, were yelling close behind him. To clear the tall fence on horseback was impossible. He therefore dismounted and climbed over it. While he was on the top rail, his pursuers came up to him, and one of them knocked him on the head with the butt of his gun. The blow did not hurt him much, but he let himself drop on the other side of the fence as if he were dead, or at least stunned. Fortunately, he wore